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ROYAL PROVINCE OF  
*NOVA SCOTIA OR NEW SCOTLAND,*  
DOMINION OF CANADA.

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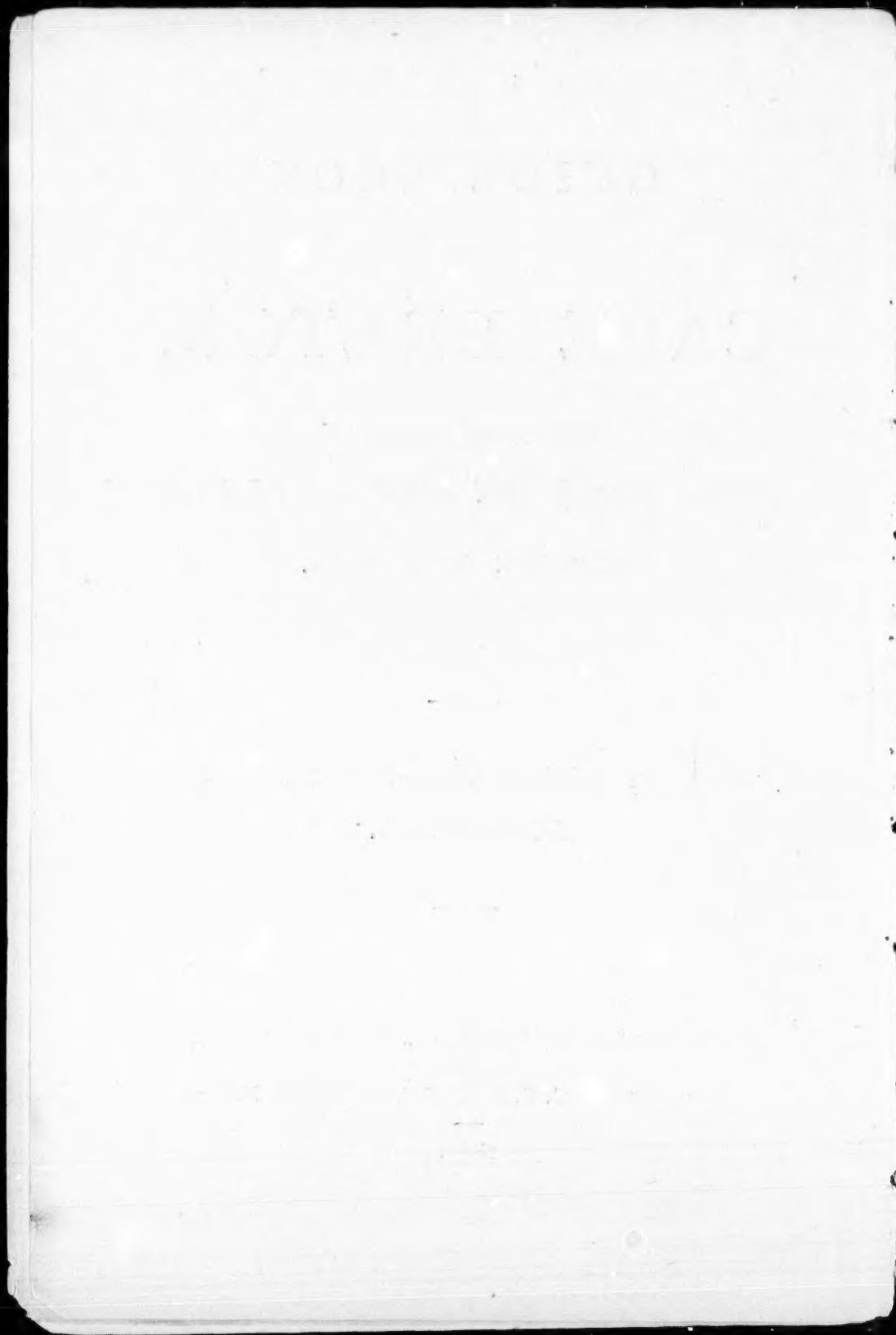
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1883.



CAN

# GUIDE TO CAPE BRETON.

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## OLD AND NEW MAPS—DISCOVERY AND EARLY HISTORY OF DISCOVERERS.

OWING to the prominent geographical position of Cape Breton, it may well be inferred that this island was discovered at a very early date. Tradition tells by Eric the Red of Iceland, and by Norwegian Rovers of the tenth century, and by the Basque cod-fishers who visited the "Banks" and made the new country known as Markland or Woodland previous to the voyage of Columbus. Yet to him was assigned the honour of the discovery. It was not, however, practically utilized until John Cabot or his son Sebastian sailed along the coasts by permission of Henry VII. in 1497, in consequence of which voyage he was known to the world as the "Great Admiral." It is believed that he re-fitted his vessels at some port in Cape Breton. It is probable that the Basques began to pursue the cod fisheries about the year 1504, in which they were joined by Normans and Bretons, the latter giving their name to the cape and island.

A map discovered at Lyons shows the name of America upon it, with date 1515, which was thought to be the earliest record of the newly discovered continent given by any publication at the time; yet it is claimed that Jean Denys, of Harfleur, published the first map in 1506. It is hoped that Mackenzie's map of Cape Breton which accompanies this "Guide," may now prove itself the first in character, if not in date, inasmuch as it presents the first existing and projected lines of railway that are intended to do justice to Cape Breton, by making the routes of travel so plain to the tourist, over land and lake, that he who runs may read.

## THE FIRST ATTEMPT AT SETTLEMENT

was made by the Baron De Lery in 1518. He took out settlers and a varied supply of live-stock, part of which was landed at Canso. The people and part of the cattle, in his haste to

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return to France, he left to settle themselves on Sable Island, the scenery of which celebrated place cannot well be compared with that of Cape Breton. Yet the cattle served, as the humane establishment now does, as a life-saving arrangement for the crew. In 1541 a settlement by immigrants was made in Cape Breton, and in 1629, Lord Ochiltree, of Scotland, went out with two small vessels, carrying sixty emigrants, "to seat a colony," and landed two leagues east of Louisburg, then named Havre de Langlois, there to clear the land and construct a fort; this latter being a necessary accompaniment to New World residence everywhere in that century of savagery and rapine. This first attempt at settlement by the Scotch was followed, it appears, by James Stewart, who built a fort at Port Baleines, on the river Great Cibou, off St. Ann's, in sight of the Bird Islands, which, in the first maps, were styled the Cibou Islands. The harbour of St. Ann's was named by Captain Daniel in 1629, which name was retained till 1713, when the French named the harbour Port Dauphin! An intrenched fort was constructed near the river mouth in 1630 to prevent the enemy from entering it. The locality has ever since been celebrated as a point well suited for the prosecution of the cod-fishery. Following the peace declared in 1632, between France and England, a Jesuit Mission was established there in 1634. In 1713 a grant of Boularderie Island was obtained by a naval officer, who had distinguished himself at the defence of Port Royal in 1708. It lies between the two entrances of the Bras d'Or lakes, and still retains the name of the grantee.

#### THESE LAKES PRESENT A REMARKABLE FEATURE

in the physical geography of the island. They form an expanse of lake-like waters that occupy an area of 450 square miles in the midst of the island. The waters come together by a narrow channel—the Strait of Barra—and communicate with the ocean by two entrances, one on either side of Boularderie Island, opening into Spanish Bay, Sydney, on the N.E. coast. The enquiring stranger, being a tourist, who first sets foot on the soil of Cape Breton Island, will naturally wish to gather a multitude of facts, as well as flowers that present themselves for his consideration, and may have at command a little catechism of suitable questions

by which to replenish his note book, after the manner of his predecessor WARNER, and to these it is proposed to prepare answers in a second edition of the "Guide," if he will kindly wait for such as are not answered, by anticipation, in what has gone before and what may follow.

#### IN THE CHANNEL OF LITTLE BRAS D'OR,

between Boisdale and Boularderie, there is a depth of 114 fathoms, indicating that the lake bottom at that spot is depressed as far below the surface of the water, as the opposite hills of syenite are seen to be elevated above it. The shores are, in places, fringed by low white cliffs of gypsum, and in parts by conglomerate. From the promontory of Cape Dauphin to Cape North, the coast line exhibits steep ascents covered by a growth of pine and spruce, and precipices rising abruptly from the sea to a height measuring 600 to 1,200 feet. Such scenery between the site of St. Ann's and Inganish is grand and very beautiful. Equally grand and picturesque is the red syenitic escarpment of Smoky Cape—capped with the peculiar cloud from which it derives its name, with lofty headlands in the background, and the peak of Sugar-loaf Mountain just peeping above the distant horizon.

On the western coast, from Cape St. Lawrence to Margarie, similar scenery occurs, where, by the setting sun, its hidden beauties are revealed. The valleys and low country consist chiefly of sandstone, shale, limestone, and gypsum of the lower carboniferous group.

#### THE SYDNEY COAL FIELDS

occupy an area of 250 square miles, and this great area of productive coal measures is probably the segment of a still greater area extending under the sea. The principal rivers are the Dennis or Denys, the Baddeck, and the Wagamatcook that flow into the Bras d'Or basin: the Margarie, the Mabou, the Inhabitants, and the Mira that discharge their waters into the sea. Fresh-water lakes are also numerous, the largest being lake ANSLIE, the source of one branch of the Margarie river, which lake covers an area of twenty-five square miles. The harbours of St. Ann's, Sydney, Louisburg, Arichat, Hawkesbury,

and Port Hood are navigable for large ships; those of little Bras d'Or, Langan, Menadou, Baleine, Fourché, l'Ardoise, Inhabitants, Mabou, and Margarie are suited for vessels of light draft.

#### THE SUMMER SEASON OF CAPE BRETON,

from May to October, may challenge comparison with that of any other land within the temperate regions of the world. Bright sunny days, with balmy winds from the west, follow each other successively for weeks, while mid-day heat is often tempered by refreshing breezes off the sea. In 1708 the French boasted of the native forests that they contained oak, maple, cedar, walnut, and fir trees; while for the chase, the game of the country included the bustard, partridge, plover, teal, pigeons, deer, and every sort of web-footed water-fowl, and that their fisheries were conveniently close in shore. The island was called "Isle Royale" when given over to France by the Utrecht Treaty. About the same date the names of St. Peter's and St. Ann's were changed to Port Toulouse and Port Dauphin, but the islanders have gone back to the old names. On its conquest in 1758, the ancient name of Cape Breton was resumed. The island was not then in political union with the mainland, nor did it possess a representative Government until annexed to the ancient Acadia in 1820, prior to which it had for forty years been under the Executive Administration of a Governor and Council. It is now associated, politically,\* with Nova Scotia, and shares as an integral portion of that province in the representative system administered therein through a Governor, a Council, and a House of Assembly, who meet together annually to dispose of

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\* In reference to the political condition of Cape Breton, Major Frederic Wallet Desbarres was, in 1784, appointed by Lord Sydney to be Lieut.-Governor of the Island, the first under the new regime. He had previously, in 1758, distinguished himself at Louisburg, and General Wolfe in consequence brought his conduct to the notice of the king, and Major Desbarres was consequently present at the conflict of Quebec in 1759 and was in the act of reporting to General Wolfe an order he had just executed when that gallant leader received his mortal wound.

Major Desbarres was employed in 1761 to make plans and estimates for the fortifying the dockyard and harbour of Halifax. In 1784 he fixed upon Sydney as the capital of Cape Breton Island, and named it in honour of his patron, Lord Sydney.

the public revenues, on the avowed principle of "Justice to Cape Breton!" a hackneyed phrase that has become a by-word in the island. Its people, however, grow more numerous; being now, 1883, about 90,000 who contribute to the general revenue over five hundred thousand dollars annually.

### THE ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON

is well worthy of the notice of every tourist. Its natural scenery, and its geographical features and position, ever will, as they always have done, cause it to be regarded as a gem in its monarch's crown. The late Honourable Joseph Howe once remarked, in the writer's hearing, "That the Creator doubtless originally intended to make of Nova Scotia proper an island, but, in the interest of the modern invention of railroads, kindly joined it to the mainland by a narrow isthmus—Chignecto." So one cannot avoid the suggestion that Cape Breton has been fortunately separated by a narrow strait, Canso, from the mainland of America, in view of the great thoroughfare it was destined to become for the immense traffic of British-America across the ocean.

In the various treaties the French entered into with England, for hundreds of years in our early history, they were content to grant many concessions long held—purchased often with tears and blood—provided that they should be allowed to retain their hold upon the island of Cape Breton. It has now, to those who have become even somewhat familiar with the real value of such a possession, ceased to be wondered at that the French kings, and those who colonized under them, should have set so high a value upon this island, and finally yielded it up to their more powerful rivals with such deep reluctance.

The tourist and pleasure-seeker—not to mention the visitor of enterprise and capital—will find little that is commonplace, so lavish is Nature here in the bestowal of her most delightful and enchanting gifts. You cannot go amiss. If the higher elevations are too bold and airy for you, go to some of the numerous glens and valleys, where murmuring streams—now calm and glassy, now tumbling into waterfalls—yield their speckled denizens to your deceptive bait, and moose, and bear,

and caribou,\* tempt your truest aim. If the harmonies of civilization, as displayed in the numerous towns and villages—some of which are of latest Yankee pattern, others wearing the impress antique—no longer woo you, seek the camp near the source of some silvery stream, scale the peaks, and thread the woodland paths to unfrequented wonders; or launch your yacht, or take passage by a regular steamboat upon its wonderful inland water, the Lake Bras d'Or, a veritable Mediterranean Sea, and view the idyllic scene, where once Norman, and Breton, and Spaniard sailed, and each claimed in the name of his master—

"I am monarch of all I survey;"

or visit the site of its fortress—once the wonder of the world, costing millions, and deemed impregnable—and allow the memory to trace the blighting struggles of the mercurial soul-loving Gaul to retain a foothold in this reluctant clime, and see those works of strength now in ruins, yet living monuments of the lost intrenchments of a defeated race. The stolid foot of the all-conquering Anglican, the immortal Wolfe, once planted on those heights, could never be withdrawn. Or go to the mines,† and see tons of copper, or iron, or coal, wrested from the grasp with which it has been held from time immemorial, thence to do the bidding of commerce, or to serve the fancies of men in works of art or use.

If you seek Cape Breton for health merely, you cannot but be

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\* In 1790 there were large herds of moose and caribou in the northern part of the island which afforded sustenance to the settlers. Thousands of these valuable animals were killed by persons who came from Newfoundland merely for the sake of their skins, value about 10/- each. Nearly 9,000 were killed during the winter of 1789 alone. In 1790 a military force headed by magistrates repaired to Cape North and Ingonish to endeavour to put an end to the slaughter. The men collected there had built huts and collected a quantity of skins which they concealed in the woods on approach of the troops, but they were dispersed and all their huts were destroyed to compel their immediate departure from Cape Breton.

† As early as 1768 a discovery was announced by letters from Boston, New England, touching an immense mine of rock salt that had been found in Cape Breton, which alone, as the "Scots Magazine" suggested, would be sufficient to supply all the northern fisheries. The announcement seems to have been without authority, or at least was premature, as its existence is so far unknown, notwithstanding the abundance and variety of minerals that are proved to exist in every section of the island.

benefitted. Both its coast and inland lake afford the best of bathing places. Altitudes, either high or low, may be easily reached in a few hours' drive. No pestilential swamps and morasses threaten the visitor; but the pure and bracing air is an all-pervading presence—expanding the lungs, revitalizing the blood and muscle, and energizing the whole system. Mountain air, mountain appetite, mountain exercise and altitude, are everywhere conducive to both physical and mental vigour; and in no region of the world, probably, is the truth of this statement more fully exemplified than in the island of Cape Breton.

If the reader intends visiting Cape Breton—and, we trust, in these days, when everybody goes everywhere, he has so decided—he may be told that he can do so in different ways and from numerous points. It is situated, as may be seen by referring to the map, between latitude  $45^{\circ} 27'$ , and  $47^{\circ} 4' N.$ ; and longitude  $59^{\circ} 47'$ , and  $61^{\circ} 33' W.$  It is 110 miles long, from north to south; and 90 miles wide from east to west; and contains an area of 250 square miles, or 2,650,000 acres. Cape St. Lawrence, its most northern point, is only 65 miles from Cape Ray in Newfoundland. Owing to the strait of Canso being so narrow, only one mile wide, it may be regarded as part of the mainland of the continent of America; and, as such, it occupies a most favourable position as the land terminus to the immense traffic, especially the travelling by rail, of all North America seeking a speedy route to Europe. Cape Breton is on the "great sailing circle" between European and American ocean ports, and its being, as it admittedly is, the "key of the St. Lawrence," and nearly midway by water from the "great centres of trade—New York in the United States and Montreal in Canada—and possessing that point (Scatarie) where the shipping of the North Atlantic either make the land or take their departure, thus making the famous harbour of Sydney so convenient a port of call, and withal, holding as it does the winter gate, Louisburg harbour, for the benefit of Canada, cannot fail to cause this island, in the near future, to become a country of immense importance.

#### VISITORS TO CAPE BRETON,

from the United States or Canada, will find that it can best be reached by rail—the Eastern Extension, connecting

with the Inter-Colonial at Truro, and this with the whole railway system of the continent—at Hawkesbury, in the strait of Canso; and, also by regular lines of steamers, also calling at Hawkesbury *en route* between the gulf ports and Boston, in the United States. Each of these routes has its advantages. The one will assure you that your journey has been over one of the best roads in America; and the other will give you all the joys of an ocean voyage. If you have taken passage by steamer, you will find yourself among very genteel and well-appointed tourists, all apparently very intent, and content, to “go east.” And on the run down, you might almost fancy yourself on a Scotch or Swiss lake, were it not that the air is laden with the ocean’s coolness. Certainly, for clean, rocky edge of shore, and quaint, fantastic cleavages in the iron coast, and distant, and almost enchanting views of sails and clouds, and ever and anon the precipitous cliffs, Nature’s guards from hostile invaders, can afford few steamer rides more delightful. If you take passage by rail, you will at Truro take a train for the strait of Canso, distant 183 miles. This route is part of the Eastern Extension, and is under contract to be extended to either the harbour of Sydney or Louisburg; but at this date, 1883, has its terminus on the south side of the strait of Canso, at Port Mulgrave, where it is connected with Hawkesbury, in Cape Breton, by a steamer which connects with, and forms part of, this line. Having reached Cape Breton by either of the routes, land or sea, the visitor has an opportunity to look upon this famous stretch of water, and its surroundings. The strait is about fifteen miles long, and, sometimes, but rarely, exceeding one mile in width. It has no dangerous rocks partly covered, but its waters are everywhere bold and deep, and navigable for the largest ships. It has a strong current, caused by the ebb and flow of the tide. This rather assists than hinders a passage through by sailing vessels bound either way; as when the tide flows in westerly strongly at the centre, there is said to be a current flowing out easterly on the other side, and *vice versa*. It is a favourite resort for American fishermen; and often a hundred sail of these may be seen, either calling here for supplies, or resorting hither from squalls, when about to visit the fishing grounds near by. Had Nature not formed a passage by water here, it doubtless, in our day at least,

would have been regarded, by the semi-sceptical, as a grand defect in the Divine economy. One cannot help thinking there was more wisdom in the omission than in the performance of the common thought.

"To fill up the strait of Fronsac," as Canso was then called, to prevent the French fleet from the St. Lawrence invading the eastern coasts, by passing through this short and customary channel, it certainly would have required a dozen or so "Porcupines" (*vide* map) to have been tumbled into its capacious stomach, to have satisfied those hungry waters: but we may bless the fates that it was not done.

If the tourist is reaching Canso by rail, from Truro, he has passed through a country dotted over with neat farm-houses and cosy villages; and will have noticed that the most conspicuous features in every little settlement—may they ever be our emblems of patriotic civilization—are beautiful little churches, and neat commodious school-houses. The land, on either side, is diversified in a mosaic work of wheat, oats, barley, and various coloured grasses—timothy and clover. These are now spreading out illimitably, and disappearing in the ever-dissolving distance; and are again shut out, or opened up to view, by the gently undulating hills. The very spirit of Hiawatha seems incarnate in the beauty of such scenes—

"All around the happy valleys,  
Stood the maize fruit, green and shining,  
Waved the green plumes of Mandowin,  
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,  
Filling all the land with plenty."

But the locomotive, with more apparent spitefulness than usual, slackens up into a hippity-bobbity-chugg-chugg gait. This disconcerts one's nerves; but it makes amends for so unceremonious an announcement of its intention to accompany you no further, by disclosing to your view on the left, Mount Porcupine; while close at its feet, filled to the brim, is a cosy little lake, which you are told is Porcupine's drinking-cup. And now directly ahead, is the famous strait of Fronsac or Canso.

The tourist can take passage here at Mulgrave, the railway terminus, immediately upon arrival of train, in the regular steam-ferry for Hawkesbury, on the Cape Breton side of the strait.

After a short stay here, which may be very pleasantly employed, he should resume his journey in one of the regular steamers, by way of Saint Peter's Canal, through the beautiful Bras d'Or lakes.

Hawkesbury is near the head of a rather picturesque recess (*vide* map) of the strait. The land to the rear rises quite abruptly, so that from the water one gets a good view of the village nestled at its feet. It is a neat, trim-looking town of about 2,000 people. It has a number of well-built stores and dwellings, three churches, a fine school building, hotels, and a marine railway, and publishes a weekly newspaper, *The Beacon*. Its trade is almost entirely in fish. Everywhere are to be seen indications of the piscatorial proclivities of its people. Its wharfs are piled high with fish-barrels, fish supplies, fish etceteras. Its harbour is the rendezvous of, sometimes, five hundred fishing vessels, boats, and shallops (*chaloupe*). The latter appears to be somewhat after the model of the Chinese junk, with the more modern improvements of the Gaul here and there thrown in; but still retaining enough of the æsthetic characteristics to gladden the heart of a disciple of Oscar Wilde. If you were to visit the place at mid-night, the olfactory nerves would at once proclaim what the port is noted for, as the very air is pungent with the not-too-savoury element. But when you ascend to the upper parts, the air-currents have carried these all away, and the atmosphere is, in every wise, inspiring.

With the face turned west, you have here before you nature's grand canal; underneath the feet, and behind you, a land costing, aye, millions of treasure, and then lost to the Norman,—of struggles and of heart-aches, shared in alike by king and peasant; directly opposite are two termini, the railway and the mountain, both running through Nova Scotia, from end to end. The tourist has seen one, let him in imagination, at least, visit the other. A correspondent, who has done so, describes it as follows: "I and a friend engaged a boat and two men to cross the strait at Hawkesbury, and land us at the base of Porcupine, and then to accompany us to the top. As my friend and myself had never visited the place before, our men were to act as both navigators and guides. And barring my present belief that they landed us at that point where the ascent is most steep and

difficult, they were both good, honest fellows. We landed, after an hour or so, at the base of the mount. It was now three o'clock a.m. What a contrast was here—water, the ever-moving, restless water; and the solid, immovable earth, or rather rock. As I looked up from the shore, towards the top of the mount, 640 feet high, almost perpendicular, I was reminded of some of the grand old altar pieces of the early centuries, where, lest the picture of saints, and angels, and divine things, should look too solemn, too overpowering, and withal, too remote, the painters used to set at the base, faces of children (earth-born, wingless angels), gay and mirthful, leaping and laughing, and playing viols. So lay in the beautiful starlight, the glistening sand and the joyous water, forming the blue blossom at the base of the picture, which itself was the grand possession. Our guides leading away, we began the ascent. Often the place is so steep that we are obliged to take a zigzag course, now grasping the bough of a tree, now supporting ourselves with our poles, which are made with a hook at one end, and a sharp point at the other. Often it looks like any steep-sided wood. Overhead a canopy of boughs, long grasses, spiræas, glittering green birch bushes, and myriads of lovely lesser things on each hand; great boulders, however, and deep scarred rocks, telling a tale of slides and freshets. Often the path seems a caprice. Here we come to a sheer rock and wall on the right; and on the left, jagged red sandstones, ten feet high, marked, and as it were, mapped, with black and green lichens. The path gets wilder; fallen trees cross it; piled boulders crowd it; the rocks are scarred and seamed, and lined with traces and records of all ages, by glaciers, and avalanches and flood, and, perhaps, of fire. 'It is only a matter of time,' say our guides, 'to get to the top.' 'It is only a matter of strength,' say we, as each finds himself invited to mount some ten or fifteen feet incline, with sliding, rolling, crunching surfaces of disintegrated rock, gravel and sand, in which he seems to step back sometimes more than he goes ahead, and where he gets a breathing space only by swinging himself sharply around in front of a fir tree, and bracing himself against it—never without fear that his weight will detach the tree from its perilous slant, and he and it shoot down together in confusion. Stinging recollections crowd on his mind of unpleasant arithmetical problems

given to youth, in which a certain number of steps forward are set in complicated formula, with a certain number of steps back, with the question at the end, 'How long will it take to go a mile?' He also thinks more of Bruce and his spider than he has done for years. It is an ugly, hard climb. But ah! the reward of ugly hard climbs in this world! Mentally, morally, physically, what is worth so much as outlooks from high places? All the beauty, all the mystery, all the delight, as we had seen it below, was only the suggestion, the faint prelude of what we were now to behold. We had reached the top just before sunrise. It is hard to imagine anything more beautiful, than a summer sunrise in this region. There is a curious effect in nature, just before the break of day, that is impossible to describe, but that I think all, who have passed many nights anywhere under the stars, will recognise. There comes a sort of strange, uneasy feeling throughout the atmosphere, a faint tremor, as of cold air, moves over the earth, as if nature shivered in her sleep, grew restless, and half awoke. The sensation will be the first token of the great change at hand. Then the morning star shines out bright and strong, while the constellations begin to fade. The highest land seems to approach one quickly, commences to look nearer, to stand out clearer and fuller than before. A faint, a very faint light, steals over them, a radiance stealing into the beautiful colour of a fresh rose, deepening still, flushing, glowing, and spreading downward, colouring the earth a most delicate pink, gilding with bright gold the yellow grass, burnishing and shining like silver on boulder and rock. Mists creep up the hill-sides, gray in the valleys below, pink on the tops, brooding sluggishly in heavy clouds among the lower masses of trees, gauzy, thin, transparent, and hanging in long wisps and shreds from the higher summits of the scene. Of a sudden the sun rises from its ocean bath, and blazes into dazzling light, like a fiery beacon. Peak after peak answers the signal. The light flows down; mists float up. Black darkness still reigns in the valleys, the western slopes are still wrapt in sleep; but the eastern hill-sides are sparkling with the brightness of a white frost, or dew-drops under a dazzling sun; and all the higher peaks above them are bathed in light. There is nothing so beautiful as beautiful scenery, and it is never so beautiful as it is in the first hour of dawn. The eye

never aches at the sight of beautiful scenery, nor does the soul ever sadden. It is the one thing that never palls, with which neither mind nor body is ever weary. We were now ready to descend. We did so after taking a full view of the illimitable ocean to the eastward, the famous gulf to the westward, with a balloonic view of Cape Breton before us, which more than rewarded us for our hitherto seemingly insane action of setting out from Hawkesbury at two o'clock a.m., and climbing to where we now stood to view the landscape o'er." Two miles west of Hawkesbury, and almost directly opposite Porcupine, is the village of Hastings. It is like that town, engaged in fishing. It is not so populous, but in its location and surroundings it is very much like Hawkesbury, except that it has a prettier site; and, if built up, would make a prettier town. Indeed, the location of some of its dwellings, might well be the envy of a prince. The commercial and railway authorities did not, however, regard appearances so favourably, and gave the preference to its more conveniently located, though not so beautiful, sister. In this utilitarian age, how often must beauty be sacrificed to expediency? There is a large telegraph building here, which was, until a few years ago, the principal station of the Atlantic cable on this side of the ocean; but it is now unoccupied, and the station has been established at North Sydney. No cosier little spot can be found to spend a week in away from the din and tumult of city life than at Hastings; and although, at present, there seems to have been a time of feverish forcing of its building powers beyond its necessities, yet, as Cape Breton becomes better known, Hastings will become a thriving, busy town, both on account of its trade, and as a summer resort.

The visitor may now set out by regular steamer for a journey through Cape Breton, by way of the lakes. There are, at present, three steam vessels running regularly between Hawkesbury and Sydney harbour, by way of St. Peter's Canal, and the Bras d'Or lakes.\* If the visitor ever made the through journey before

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\* STEAMERS, BETWEEN HAWKESBURY AND SYDNEY VIA THE BRAS D'OR LAKE WATERS, 1883.—There are three fine steamers plying as above which are provided by the Bras d'Or Navigation Company. *The Marion*, a side-wheel steamer, recently purchased and elegantly fitted up, has good accommodation for sixty first-class passengers.

steam communication was employed, and the overland route of one hundred miles by stage was the only mode of conveyance, he is in a position now to appreciate the comforts, as contrasted with that antiquated mode of conveyance. Not many years ago, even this stage route was not afforded him. A judge of the supreme court once told the world, he was on one occasion obliged to make the journey on snow shoes, and to carry his books, papers, etc., strapped to his back; while a member of Parliament narrated his experience in reaching Sydney from Canso on a bob-sled, drawn by an ox; and said he had, in the post conveyance, been obliged to make the journey in almost every kind of known vehicle, except a wheelbarrow. The journey by coaches, owing to the roughness of the roads, and the rickety character of the vehicles was anything but exhilarating. Their motion was quite sufficient to benumb the senses, but by far too much to permit one to sleep. These vehicles are very significantly, and doubtless, with the traveller's consent, styled stage *waggon*s; and to quote from a correspondent, who had made this journey in those days, "thus the wretched traveller, after experiencing more 'ups and downs' than in any previous twenty-four hours of his existence, arrives in Sydney, in a semi-conscious state, equivalent, we should take it, to being hauled by the heels three or four times by war-horses around the walls of Troy." But both the roads and the coaches of the present day are of quite a different character; and the journey by coach, especially that part of it from St.

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She leaves Port Hawkesbury on the mornings of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday of each week, runs down the Strait of Canso through the Lennox Passage, passes into the St. Peter's Canal about 7 o'clock a.m., thence along the placid lake waters to Baddeck, arriving at North Sydney about 3 o'clock p.m. and at Sydney (the county town) at 4 p.m., completing a pleasant voyage, during which two good and comfortable meals have been well served. The return trip from Sydney is made on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, by *The Marion*. *The Neptune*, another well known and very comfortable steamer, leaves Port Hawkesbury every night on arrival of the mail train from Halifax, and runs through canal and lake to East Bay, arriving there at midnight, when she is met by good and comfortable stages that convey passengers to Sydney, 12 miles, in two hours. *The Neptune* returns to Port Mulgrave in time to meet the morning train for Halifax. A third steamer, *May Queen*, runs up and down the lake every day, making trips to Whycocomah, West Bay, Little Bras d'Or, &c., affording passengers a charming view of scenery not to be surpassed for variety, beauty, and grandeur, in the Dominion of Canada.

Peters to Sydney, passing as it does along the margin of the lakes, has a novelty and a charm to many, much to be preferred to an equal distance anywhere by rail.

Once on board, and *en route* by one of the snug, well-arranged, little steamers, one can scarcely think of anything that could be suggested to add to the tourist's comfort. They are roomy and tidy, and speedy. And as the engines puff away with the apparent consciousness of their happy freight, one cannot help feeling while borne out upon the ocean, if the day is calm, that it is fast becoming a very favourable place for sea-sickness. Of all old Neptune's most choice situations for such a sensation, the best is the lazy roll of the sea in a calm. The person who can stand a stiff gale, will often succumb to the deep ground swell.

On the right, and near Mulgrave, is Pirate harbour, a name very significant one hundred and fifty years ago; and still farther to the south is Canso. An attempt was made by Baron de Lery in 1518, to found a colony here at Canso, which, therefore, was the first place in America settled by Europeans. It became under the French, and after the conquest under the English, the chief fishing and trading station of the New Englanders. These had large warehouses built here, and filled with merchandise. This offered a too tempting prize to the Indians, and at the close of an August day in 1720, a large band of them burst into the little village and plundered the place of its merchandise, to the value of 100,000 dollars. What historical associations cluster around, as the mind runs back three hundred and fifty years or more, during which these places have been full of life struggles and adventure, of tragedy and comedy, of savagery and barbarism at one time, at another of peace and refinement; and now as regards the scene of to-day, when numbers of intelligent people can gather together, amid comfortable surroundings, and talk not only about these coasts and islands, but about life, its hopes and expectations—those isles of the fancy which lie out yonder in the horizon of our thoughts, and in the sunshine, and which we long to reach, and to have translated to clear vision—all this to see and enjoy is for the tourist in such a trip as this. He will notice by referring to the map, that the small island to the left is called Bear Island, while farther ahead, and to the right, is a larger one called Janvrin's Island. To the left, and almost opposite, is River

Inhabitants Bay, into which a river of that name empties. It possesses a large coal area, which, if opened up, would, owing to its location near the entrance to the strait of Canso, be one of great advantage to the vessels which frequent that water. We next enter Lennox Passage, a narrow strait separating the island of Cape Breton from Isle Madame. This strait, as well as the county of Richmond, of which the land on both sides forms a part, has been named after the good old ducal family of England.

The steamer calls on her way through Lennox Passage, on the eastern side at Grandique. A steam ferry crosses the strait here, which at this part is about a half-mile wide. On both sides of the strait are small fishing localities, and, at almost any time, a number of small vessels may be seen passing in and out. On the eastern side of the strait at Grandique are two extensive mineral deposits, gypsum (*sulphate of lime*), and limestone (*carbonate of lime*). A considerable trade is carried on by exporting from the quarries here these minerals to Prince Edward Island, where both are used for agricultural purposes.

Passengers for Arichat, the capital of Richmond, and other parts of Isle Madame, land here, and take carriages for their destination.

Leaving Lennox Passage the water gradually widens out into St. Peter's Bay. On the left are a few small islands, while to the right are two fishing stations, Poulemon (frost fish), and Descousse. St. Peter's Bay opens to the south, and as it receives no drift ice, nor has any made during the coldest weather, it may be said to be a winter port.

St. Peter's received its present name in honour of the patron saint of Canada, Saint Peter. What more appropriate name could have been chosen for a country which, from the earliest visits of the Basque men, who were the first to land upon these shores, till the present, has been almost exclusively engaged in a pursuit which can claim that illustrious follower!

At the head of the bay is the canal, which connects it with the Bras d'Or lakes. The people of Cape Breton were a quarter of a century talking about the undertaking before it was accomplished, and had the work to do twice over, as when first built it was found to be too shallow, and had to be taken down, deepened, and rebuilt. Its advantages were pleaded by our politicians in

the country's parliament for all those years, under the plea of "Justice to Cape Breton;" but the undertaking was great, even with the aid of "Nature's kindly work," both in the depression and narrowness of the isthmus.

The excavations for the entire length, about a half-mile, are through a rock of diorite and trap. It consists essentially of a greenish, gray, bluish, and light-red mixture of hornblende and feldspar, intersected with veins of quartz, mica, hematite, copper, and iron pyrites. The canal is forty feet wide, and has a depth of eighteen feet; length between gates, 200 feet, and total length half-a-mile. The travelling public cross the canal on a bridge which has a draw. The cost of the work has been nearly a half-million dollars, and it is admitted to be one of the best in America. The advantages of the canal to the trade of Cape Breton can scarcely be over-estimated. The lake trade in fish, gypsum and agricultural products, has by the canal a ready outlet. The regular steamers from Halifax to St. Pierre, *via* Sydney, carrying the French mails, pass through it, as also do those from Sydney harbour, connecting that port with the railway at Mulgrave.

At an early date St. Peter's was, according to Pichon, highly prized as a military post.\* It formed the centre from which radii of communication could be easily held with Isle Madame, Canso, St. Ann's, the Lakes, and *Louisburg*. At a moment's notice these people, if collected, would make a small army, and with the assistance of a few forts, render St. Peter's impregnable. Much of the early history of the place is associated with the name of

#### NICHOLAS DENYS, A GOVERNOR OF CAPE BRETON,

who built a fort, and for a time made his residence at St. Peter's. M. Denys displayed good judgment in his selection of St. Peter's, not only as a military station but as a commercial centre.

This Denys was a man of great mental calibre, and very early

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\* At the important post of Mount Grenville, in 1793, Lieut.-Col. Moore was sent to occupy a redoubt which commanded the isthmus of St. Peter's and access to the Bras d'Or lakes. The remains of this redoubt may be seen to this day. It is supposed to be the fort erected there by Nicholas Denys, in the vicinity of his house and other buildings destroyed by fire, which occasioned his withdrawal from the island to settle in the Province of Quebec.

established a shore fishery in the island waters. He also cleared land and erected small forts for the protection of his workmen, the sawers of lumber for his buildings, at the La Have river, Lunenburg, in Nova Scotia, and at Chedabucto Bay, the locality of the now existing town of Guysboro' (N. S.). Denys had 126 persons in his employ, some of them distributed at St. Peter's, others at St. Ann's, and the rest at the before-named points in Nova Scotia. His homestead was almost in sight of the gateway of the present canal that connects the Bras d'Or lakes with the Bay of St. Peter's. Across the Isthmus then existing, he constructed a road over which his fishing boats were hauled on round poles or skids. He had also a place of call at River Denys when passing to St. Ann's along the Bras d'Or waters for trading purposes. Every needed facility as then existing, was utilized by him in reference to his several trading posts through the island, until his expulsion from them by Le Borgne, his enemy and competitor. Though he had been appointed Governor of the coast from Canso to Quebec, he had to endure a virtual imprisonment at Port Royale; and finally his improvements, his houses and his home, in 1660, were destroyed by fire. This and other troubles into which he fell, as surety for his friend De Latour, compelled him to leave Cape Breton

#### AND TO RETIRE TO THE BAY DE CHALEURS.

Seigneur Denys was the first person authorised to exact a duty from all who took coal from the island, by virtue of his patent and Royal grant in 1654. Sydney (called Spanish Bay), was the source from which alone coal was then obtained.

#### ONE WHO HAS TRAVERSED THE SALT LAKES

of Cape Breton, refreshed as they are by the Denys and other rivers, to which the UTAH waters bear no comparison, and has observed the extent of territory to which this island chieftain claimed Royal title, cannot fail to sympathise in his misfortunes, the burning of fort and dwelling by which he set great store, and his ultimate position as an impoverished millionaire. It is recorded of Seigneur Denys, that he expressed the belief that "people might live in Cape Breton with as much satisfaction as France itself, provided the envy of one did not ruin the best

intended designs of another," and the opinion may be repeated with emphasis at the present day, both by the resident and the stranger who travels over the wonderful island.

### "CAPE BRETON,"

says a recent traveller, who made the tour in 1882, "is marvellously rich in natural resources. Around it are fisheries unsurpassed, magnificent coal deposits, great store of building stone, valuable ores, much petroleum, spacious intervalles and other stretches of fertile soil, and the facilities for inland navigation are remarkably fine. It is one of the richest sections, naturally of North America or Canada, is beautifully placed and is altogether a most picturesque land. In view of its position and early occupancy, its now backward condition seems unaccountable, but its turn must come shortly and will doubtless follow the advent of railways throughout its extent, that will bring it into connection with the whole American Railway System, and unite that system with Sydney and Louisburg or Whitehaven, thus serving to develop the large untold resources of the island and convert places previously barren into prosperous villages and thrifty towns; a result already accomplished in other Canadian Provinces."

Cape Breton has no railway system, properly so called, but has a short line connecting the mouths of coal-pits with places of shipment at nearly all the mines, and a line for coal supply, that extends from Louisburg Harbour to Sydney town, between which points passage may occasional'y be obtained by tourists, on application at the manager's office. Other projected railways will be observed on reference to the map.

As if with special reference to Cape Breton a feminine, but not effeminate writer says:—"If the man who invents a new dish deserves the thanks of humanity, so does the genius who discovers a new summer resort. The old places become hackneyed to veteran travellers. The White Mountains and Mount Desert are overcrowded by cockney tourists, and the Adirondacks have become stale. People long for fresh pastures and find them in the provinces, where every prospect pleases, and where even man is not as vile as usual."

Another writer says:—"A vast number of (U.S.) Americans have become wealthy and are seeking new places of resort, at

which to spend the summer and find enjoyment. In Nova Scotia and its islands, of which Cape Breton is one, there is moist air and repose; the dryness that parches and thins is arrested; excitement yields to sedative and sympathetic air, till nature's sanitarium affords the corrective. A bath of fog supplies what is needful and leaves us with soothing sensations. The provinces, the lower the better, afford the jumping off place. We are in travail till we travel down there and with a plunge find provincial quiet to be a gentle restorative for overstrung nerves and for overtaxed energies and appetites. Our best state is found when we leave home (the United States) behind us and go East!"

These brief memoranda may be useful to those who may not possibly be familiar with Cape Breton and Nova-Scotian History. After the Treaty of Paris, February 10th, 1763, the French people, as politicians, complained that their Government had given up Isle Royale, viz., Cape Breton Island, for which, at the previous peace, they had relinquished all Flanders and every conquest in Europe. That at the inception of the war they had sixteen thousand fishermen, now all their settlements were unpeopled, there being in 1765, not more than seven hundred Acadians and three hundred Frenchmen in all Cape Breton. On October 7th, 1763, the Island was annexed to Nova Scotia, but no steps were taken for giving it a voice in the Civil Government of the Province until December 10th, 1775, when it was erected into a distinct county by the name of Cape Breton County, embracing also Isle Madame and Scatari. In 1820, a full political union was established with Nova Scotia and the island divided into three counties, with representative privileges of Government that exist to-day.

## TRAVAIL & TROUBLES OF TRAVELLERS.

THERE comes occasionally to the Breton Island a visitor who declines to take note of the land or the lake waters that wash its shores ; who does not care to follow the lakes and rivers, or to compare and contrast the stern and rugged character of the hills with the valleys and streams at their feet ; who desires not to captivate and capture, with the artful fly, the delicious trout or salmon that might adorn, when caught, the table of the epicure ; who will not traverse the highways and byways, extending from the village of Wycocomah to the heights of Cape North, or even enquire why the Micmac name is retained, with its soft cadence of the Indian tongue, to the exclusion of a French or English name like "Hog-a-mah," which might satisfy the ambition of the nomenclator of that region ; or who does not care to know why Canso is so variously spelled as in Campseau, Canceau, or Canseau ; or why the ups and downs of tide-water in the strait are daily recurring or current events ; or who do not trouble themselves to ask about the native flora of the island, or to enquire—

If lakes with lilies there are found ;  
If roses wild adorn the ground ;  
If Mayflowers shed their sweets around,  
Or spring-time violets there abound.

They care for none of these things, which they may find at home or elsewhere, but have heard of Louisburg, and have come to see the site. Sight-seeing is the forte of the visitor, and he will fain capture Louisburg as it is, undauntedly, as did Pepperall's New England men of old. For such, fortunately, there is now a Guide and plan of the original defences, while the Railway, or the highway track, afford daily opportunity and modes for pursuing the journey.

BUT ANOTHER LOUISBURG EXISTS TO-DAY,

whereat the farmers lead the peaceful pastoral life of loyal subjects, and the fishermen draw their food and profits from the waters at

their feet. The historian has performed his functions and told his story how the old city and fortress was outlined as early as 1713, and its erection began in 1720. Its stone walls completed a circuit of two and a half miles, and were thirty-six feet high, having a thickness of forty feet at the base. The site chosen originally was on a tongue of land looking seaward over two or three little islands on the western shore of the Atlantic. Its harbour was counted to be only second to that of Chebucto (now Halifax) being over a mile wide and three miles long. Its existence, together with the two smaller islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, lying in the chops of Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, all being fortified, served as a nursery for French seamen, and it became the centre of a large trade in fish, and employing nearly a thousand vessels. It was the only harbour left in French possession by the treaty of Utrecht that to them seemed suitable for defence, and they resolved to make it a naval station unsurpassed by any in America. Accordingly up to 1745 the energies of old France were directed to this object, until at length it was deemed to be impregnable, after an expenditure of more than a million of pounds sterling, or thirty millions of livres. It rose by the labour of twenty-five years in which to complete its defences, and

#### WAS GARRISONED BY THE VETERANS OF FRANCE,

and with powerful batteries commanded every point of approach, and bristled with the potent pride of war, yet finally fell, June, 1745, by the fortune of war, into the hands of 4,000 Provincial Volunteers, under command of Colonel Pepperall, assisted by a small naval force under Commodore Warren. The destruction of the fortress of Louisburg was not tedious to the attacking party. The town stood upon the promontory lying between the south shore of the harbour and the sea, covering an area of one hundred acres. The site was elevated about twenty feet above the tidal waters, with low and marshy ground outside the wall, that presented obstacles to an invading force. An escarp, or wall of masonry, thirty feet high and ten feet thick, faced the ditch, which was eighty feet in width. The covered way was twenty feet wide. Banquette, four feet wide, and four feet above the covered way. The parapet four feet high, from which musketeers, in the covered way, could fire over the glacis upon

the enemy. In the circuit of the walls were embrasures for 148 guns, and 80 were actually mounted. Its batteries, protected by moat and bastion, could have raked the decks of any ship attempting to force the passage, and a boom within the port gave protection to the French ships in event of the entrance being successfully forced. An inspection of the outline plan (see guide) will testify to the strength of the defences.

The capture of Cape Canso, Campseau, or Canceau, as the French can so properly write it, by a force from Louisburg, was the immediate incentive which led to the expedition against the new fortress by eight regiments of the provincial forces from New England. They embarked in ninety transports. On arrival they were joined by the fleet under Commodore Warren. They landed under fire at Freshwater Cove on Gabarus Bay, and, driving the enemy, made their way to the vicinity of Louisburg where, soon after, the flag at the Royal Battery was lowered by a Micmac, who found the fort deserted by its defenders, of which the attacking party took possession, turned the big guns upon the French, who had spiked them, and eventually captured the place, aided by the use of the Royal Battery intended for its defence. The Volunteers were thus enabled to give hostile efficacy to 380 shells so easily captured, and the French ship *Vigilante* was compelled to strike her colours to the fleet of Admiral Warren. It is recorded as a daily source of amusement for the Volunteers, to have a chase after the shot from the guns of the fort, for the capture of which they received a bounty, the shot so recovered being sent back, from the cannon's mouth, against the city and fortress, which surrendered on the 15th of June, and the tug of war ended by capitulation of the garrison. Eleven ships of war had been captured or destroyed, and 5,000 prisoners were taken. The victors lost but 130 men during the siege. Commodore Warren, in command of the ships of war, was promoted for his services to rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue. General Pepperall was made a Baronet of Great Britain. This capture will be a tale of valour among the world's wars—accomplished by undisciplined volunteers, as farmers and tradesmen, commanded by a clever merchant untaught in the art of war. It is counted one of the most remarkable events in the annals of history. The crusaders undertook a task of whose difficulties they had no conception and

gained a triumph fitted to make their names immortal as those of the noble six hundred !

It followed as a topic of absorbing interest to know how Louisburg rose again in grandeur, became again the stronghold of France on the Atlantic, the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the second time to be overpowered, to be laid waste, to rise no more from its ashes. To-day it is difficult to trace its site among the turf that marks the ruins. Seldom has demolition been more complete. "It seemed built for all time, but has almost vanished," remarks a tourist, "from the face of the land."

When James Wolfe sought his laurels first in the New World and won them, Louisburg fell for the last time, and the knell of its glory was rung. The fortress indeed exists no longer, save in the two battered casemates, or magazines, that were spared by the official destroyer of 1768, as fitting monuments of strength departed. The contention of the nations, then so hostile, lie buried there like those who fell, near the grass-green mounds of the fort and hospital. The visitor of to-day sees nothing of the walls that withstood the sieges of Pepperall's gallant corps and of the British veterans under Amherst, who, led by the heroic Wolfe, gave victory to the flag of England. He may see, however, from the site that witnessed that deadly warfare, standing on the yet elevated position of the new fort, as marked on the plan, with his face to seaward, the lighthouse overlooking the harbour entrance as of old, the waters of which, flowing some two miles inland, have capacity for all the shipping that may call for that abounding necessity of commerce, *Steam Coal*. On the right, spreads far away the ground over which moved the attacking forces from Gabarus Bay. Behind lies the site of the famous fortress whose walls were of native rock and Roman cement, the stone being hewed from the quarries, and the bricks, in part, from old France ; and from the ruins, relics are still obtained by visitors, such as coins, bullets, iron creepers, for travel on the ice, portions of exploded shells, &c., calculated to repay the search of the curious.

As regards the material of which the forts were built, it followed, under the dismantling orders, that the glacis slipped away into the fosses ; the covert was levelled to a highway. The

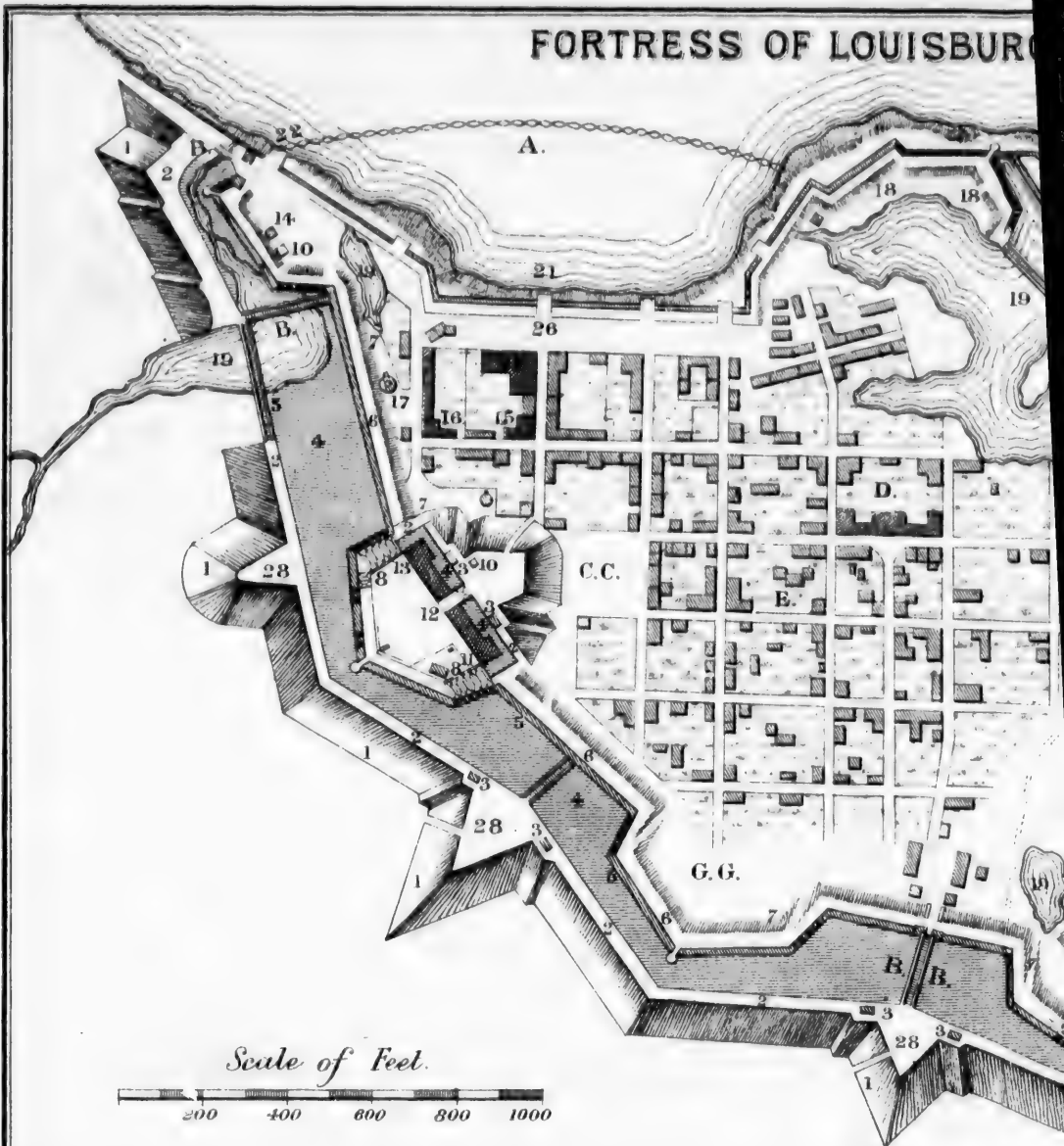
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# FORTRESS OF LOUISBURG



*Scale of Feet.*



1. The Glacis.

2. Covert Way.

3. Traverses.

4. Ditch.

5. Parapet.

6. Rampart.

7. Talus, Slope or Heel  
of Rampart.

8 Casemate

9. Fortified or Gun-  
Proof Vault.

10 Guard-Houses,

11. Governor's Apart-  
ments.

12. Chapel.

13. Barracks.

## EXPLANATION OF PLAN.

14. Powder Magazine.

15. Engineer's Fortifi-  
cation House.

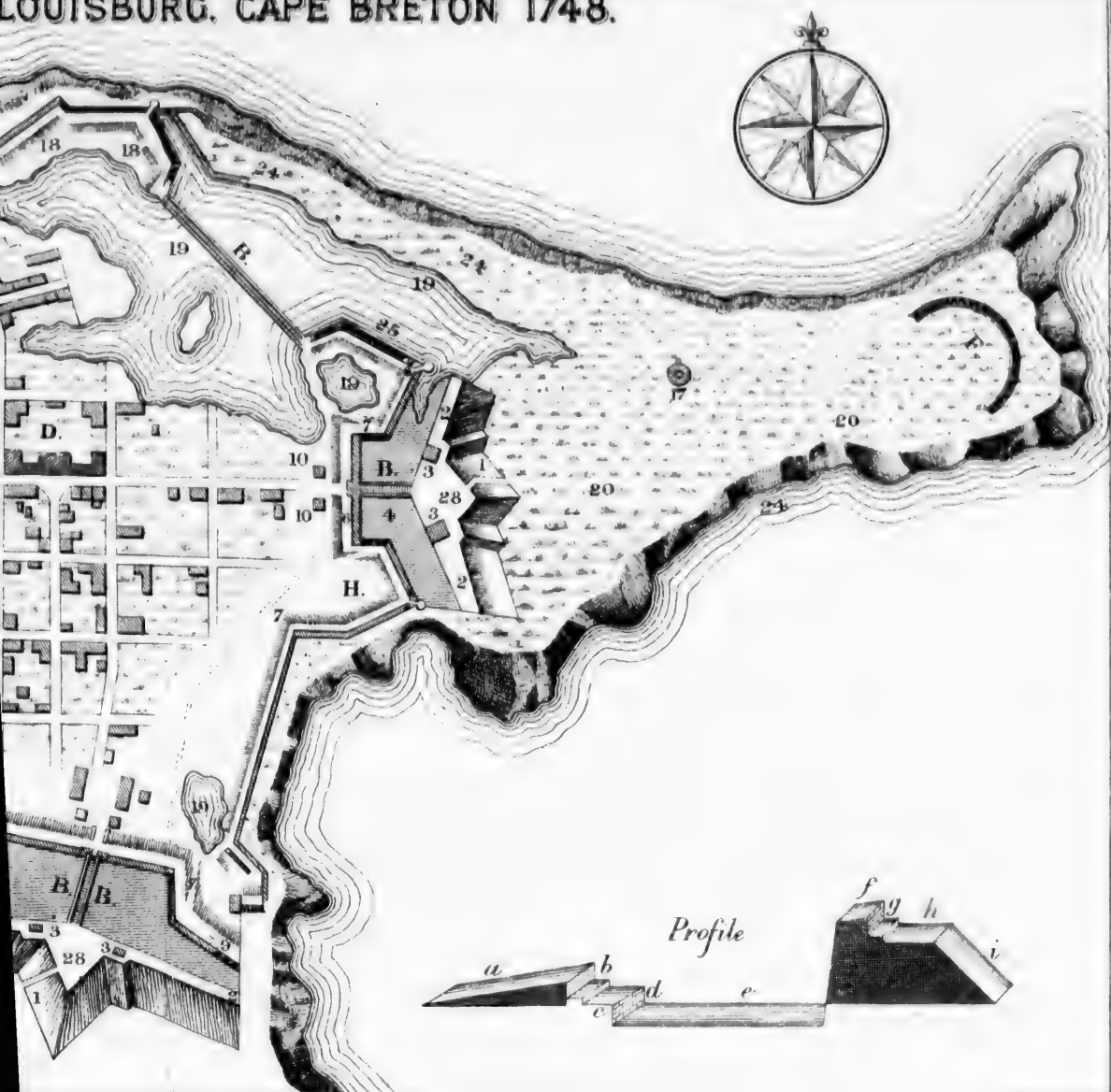
16. Arsenal, Bakehouse  
& Ordnance Store.

17. Lime Kiln.

18. Battery La Grave.

19. Ponds. Fresh Water.

# LOUISBURG, CAPE BRETON 1748.



## PLAN OF PLAN.

Magazine.  
Fortification.  
House.  
Bakehouse  
Store.  
Grave.  
Water.

- 20. Cemetery Grounds.
- 21. The Key Curtain.
- 22. The Spur.
- 24. Beach and Shore.
- 25. Maurepas Bastion.
- 26. Frederic's Gate.
- 27. General Storehouse
- 28. Place of Arms.

- A. Boom to Preserve the French Ships.
- B. Bridge-Way.
- C.C. Parade Ground.
- D. The Hospital.
- E. The Nunnery.
- F. New Battery.
- G.G. Queen's Bastion.
- H. Brouillan Bastion.

## PROFILE INDEX.

- a. Glacis.
- b. Banquet.
- c. Covert Way.
- d. Counterscarp.
- e. Ditch.
- f. Parapet
- g. Banquet.
- h. Rampart.
- i. Talus, or Heel.



traverses and parapets protect no more, but have gone to fill the wells, once well filled with pure water. The gun-proof vault leaves no proof of its existence. The guard-house leaves nothing to be regarded. The fresh-water ponds have run off to sea, and the key curtain could not remain without a *lock*. The barracks and magazines that were exploded leave not even a wreck behind. The ponderous material of brick and stone have all contributed materially toward the erection or repair of the fishermen's huts and houses along the coast. The spur is bootless; the bastion without defence. The hospitals have seen their last of hospitality; the store-houses cannot be restored; the gates are off their hinges; the bridges are broken down. The place of arms is now a place of peace and quiet, by the sounding sea. There is little to arrest attention, save the little row of graves amid a patch of dark-green sward adorned with clover, where lie the remains of those who died during the siege, of which history has told the tale to the passing generations.

There volunteers who knew no fear  
Partake their long repose;  
And peaceful tourists drop a tear  
For those who fell as foes.

By instructions from the Pitt Government of England, a special corps of engineers and others was provided to raze the defences of Louisburg to the ground, which should no longer be a standing menace and danger to the British inhabitants and mercantile interests of the world. The work of destruction was completed by the erasure of the forts from the map of Cape Breton. The ditches were not too deep to be filled; the parapets were not too high to be levelled or burned. The furniture of the public buildings was, in part, conveyed to Halifax, and there disposed of. Among other items, a marble mantel of greenish hue and of Parisian manufacture, bearing a bullet-mark, was obtained for the parlour of a gentleman then engaged in the erection of a dwelling at the corner of Prince and Argyle Streets, opposite St. Paul's Church. It was inserted in the chimney of the eastern room of the building now known as the Carlton House, and may still be seen there, though it has undergone many transitions of ownership during the century past. Much of the spoils of war

found its way to Halifax, and was there disposed of to the highest bidder. "*Sic transit gloria.*"\*

There is obviously no surer way of estimating the opinions of strangers or visitors touching the topography of the island, its

#### SCENERY, FORESTS, FARMS, MINERALS, &c.,

than by repeating the written record of their opinions as given to their friends at home. A gentleman visitor, who went over the ground from St. Ann's to the North Capes, partly by pedestrian and in part by equestrian modes, tells of his experience of that far-off point in the North East, the most extreme limit in that direction it is possible to attain in Nova Scotia or on this continent. He describes the scenery as wild and grand, romantic and picturesque, though long since associated with marine disasters. This respected gentleman predicts that at some future day this far-off point will become one of the favourite places of resort.

#### FROM ASPEY BAY, ON THE EAST,

across to Bay St. Lawrence, on the West, is a succession of majestic mountains clad in primeval beauty. High above them all towers the "Sugar-Loaf," from whose summit a magnificent view is obtained of the Gulf, St. Lawrence, shore on the one side, and of the Atlantic on the other (see map). On a clear day the

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\* Montgomery Martin, in his "History of the British Colonies," says of the Louisburg ruins:—"Near the ruined site, beneath the clear cold wave, may be seen the vast sunken ships of war, whose bulk indicates the power enjoyed by the Gallic nation ere England became mistress of her Colonies on the shore of the western Atlantic. Desolation now sits around the once formidable bastions. All is silent except the loud reverberating ocean as it rolls its tremendous surges along the rocky beach . . . while the descendant of some heroic Gaul, whose ancestors fought to prevent the noble fortress of his sovereign being laid prostrate before the prowess of Albion, wanders among the time-honoured ruins and mentally exclaims, like the Bard of Erin,

"On Louisburg's heights where the fisher strays,  
When the clear cold eve's declining,  
He sees the war-ships of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining.  
So shall memory often in dreams sublime  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,  
At last, sighing, look back o'er the vista of time  
For the long faded glories they cover."

western shore of Newfoundland and of the Magdalen Islands may be discerned. The settlers here are hid among the beautiful valleys and glens characteristic of the place. From the hills you may see them in their cosy surroundings. At the standpoint of the Cape is seen the small end of the wedge that divides the Atlantic waters from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. From this position to White Point lies Aspey Bay, at the head of which are North, South, and Middle Harbours, into each of which enters a stream from the mountains, their waters teeming with shining sea-trout, which are a delicacy and delight in the eyes of sportsmen, as well as of the dwellers along the river banks. On the other hand, a spot is here pointed out that indicates suffering by shipwreck long before

#### THE WHITE MAN SETTLED UPON THE SHORE.

At the early settlement of the place, relics of a fire were found, with a human skeleton on either side. Here and there were found mounds containing remains of those who perished first, and received due burial after death by privation and exposure far from home. A tradition is yet current that, at the capture of Louisburg, a French ship carrying a troop of cavalry was cast upon this shore, where the horses died and but few of the men survived.

#### CAPE NORTH HAS ALSO ITS TRADITIONS

of hidden treasure. That of Captain Kidd has been much coveted, but though sought for persistently, has never turned up.

"Money Point" derives its name from the fact that a vessel from Europe with specie on board was wrecked there. For some time afterward Spanish dollars were gathered on the beach, and eighty of them were successively raised from the water bottom in a day by a Mr. Younge, who used a pole having one end dipped in Barbadoes tar or pitch. The late Dr. Thomas R. Fraser, of Pictou (famed for his feats of diving for the rescue of wrecked goods at Sable Island and elsewhere), visited the spot where coin had been found, but traces of the wreck had disappeared by the action of the waters along the storm-troubled shore.

From the nearest point of departure, an excursion to the

Island of St. Paul's may be arranged if the tourist desires it. The little island offshoot is about fifteen miles from the Cape (see map), and measures three miles in length. The fog whistle can at times be heard at the point opposite. St. Paul's Island is thoroughly lighted and furnished to meet the emergency of a shipwreck by the hands of its able SUPERINTENDENT and his ready aids, as has often been done in their past experience.

The Big Intervale settlement is beautifully situated at the foot of a chain of precipitous mountains, stretching along from Cape North till it joins the Cheticamp Hills (see map). The Cape (En fume) is the highest of the mountain ranges, where the caribou and bear roam almost unmolested, and the forest is alive in its abundance of game. To appreciate the grandeur of the scenery and enjoy its benefits it must be visited, with the companionship of one map and one or two *Guides* ! It may be predicated of the tourist or the visitor in Cape Breton who attains to the towering top of Smoky Cape, that he will thereby have reached, for once, to the height of his ambition !

But, reverting to the first aspect of Cape Breton, and believing it wise to follow in the track of others, to enjoy with them the delight of a first view amid the beautiful scenery of Nature, it may be proper to quote the rapturous sentiments of a late writer and tourist, who tells "something about excursions" generally, and begins his trip near or not far from the "Gut of Canso." He offers no objection to being in such a strait, but, on the contrary, says, "It is itself a picture worth coming far to see on account of its natural beauty; but when, on a summer's day, hundreds of sail are passing through, the scene is one to delight an artist's soul. The prospect, both up and down the water strait, is pleasing in the extreme." Arriving at Port Hawkesbury, the traveller can take the steamer of the day, that connects with trains and lands passengers at the head of East Bay, whence they proceed overland to North Sydney.\*

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\* A steam ferry in connection with the Halifax and Cape Breton railway trains plies across the Strait of Canso regularly to Hastings and Hawkesbury, where stages may be taken to all parts of the island. Cape Breton does not boast of large hotels, but at many points of interest there are one or more comfortable if not commodious or pretentious houses. Hawkesbury has two; one kept by Mr. Stapleton, the other by Mr. Baine. St. Peter's has one, kept by Mr. Morrison; and Arichat one,

### THE STEAMERS PASS THROUGH ST. PETER'S CANAL,

to the far-famed Bras d'Or. Who can properly describe the beauties of this strange *ocean lake*—this imprisoned sea which divides an island in twain? For about fifty miles its waters are sheltered from the ocean of which it forms a part, and in this length it expands into bays, inlets, and romantic havens, with island peninsulas and broken lines of coast, all combining to form a scene of rare beauty surpassing the power of pen to describe. At every turn, new features claim our wonder and admiration. Here, a cluster of fairy isles; there, some meandering stream; and here, again, some narrow strait leading into a peaceful bay.

### HIGH ABOVE TOWER THE MOUNTAINS,

with their ancient forests, while at times bold cliffs, crowned with verdure, rise majestically toward the clouds. Nothing is common, nothing tame. All is fitted to fill the mind with emotions

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kept by Mrs. Burnham. The Port Hastings Hotel is at the place named with two others, all of good repute, kept respectively by W. M. Clough, H. McQuarrie, and D. McMillan. At Whycocomah a good hotel is kept by Mr. Mitchell. Port Hood has three public houses, kept by Mr. Smith, Mr. John Mackay, and Mrs. Macdonald respectively. At River Inhabitants, ten miles from Hastings, is a good hotel kept by James Macintosh, whereby is salmon and trout fishing. At River Dennis, twenty miles from Hastings, is a good hotel, of which M. Macdonald is proprietor, where also good fishing is found. At Whycocomah, thirty-five miles from Hastings, being one of the charming localities of the island, is an excellent hotel and excellent fishing near by. At Baddeck, twenty-five miles from Hastings, are two good hotels kept by Mr. Crowdis and Mrs. Dunlop respectively, in the vicinity of many points of interest and amid fine scenery. At Sydney is the "International Hotel," the "Mackenzie House," and two others, kept by Miss Hearn and Mrs. King. At North Sydney are the "Belmont," the "Presto," and Mrs. Peppette's. Margarie and Little River are famed for the excellent sport there afforded in salmon and trout fishing, and their waters are scarcely exceeded by the run of any sporting locality on the island. Board accommodation may be found among well-to-do farmers, but as yet there are no hotels here, though the place has already become the rendezvous of both British and American sportsmen. Coaches leave Port Hastings every evening on arrival of ferry steamer from the railroad terminus for Port Hood, Mabou, Margarie, Whycocomah, River Dennis, Baddeck, and thence through Victoria County to Cape North.

**SOUTHERN DISTRICT, VIA PORT HAWKESBURY.**—Coaches leave daily, on arrival of ferry steamer from terminus of Halifax and Cape Breton railway, for Arichat, St. Peters, North Sydney, South Sydney, calling

of keenest pleasure. Of Sydney he says, "It is an old and eminently respectable town." The Sydney coal is known wherever coal is burned; and the quantity of this fuel available in the coal-fields of the island has been estimated at a thousand million tons. This does not include seams under four feet in thickness, nor the vast body of coal which lies under the bed of the ocean between Cape Breton and Newfoundland. Sydney, the Capital of Cape Breton, has a splendid harbour, and is a convenient coaling port for ocean steamers. It is a pleasant town, and is well supplied with hotels and private boarding houses. The largest of these are the Mackenzie and the Intercolonial. North Sydney (connected by a ferry steamer) is a lively business place, where the chief hotels are the Presto and the Belmont. The traveller has arrived at the Sydneys per steamer by way of the lakes, and has, perhaps, stepped ashore at some of the many places of call; touched on the route at Baddeck, for example, where the abounding points of interest for the visitor have been made memorable by Dudley Warner, the sportsman, "and that sort of thing," under the impression that the sport he desired might be taken derisively out of the people, or the streams for angling, or the forests for game—a resting place is found by the tired traveller.

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en route at River Bourgeois and Big Ponds, thence to East Bay and the Sydneys. At Grandique one may take coach for Arichat, L'Ardoise, Discousse, and Grand River. Stages leave Sydney daily for Cow Bay. Distances:—Hawkesbury to Arichat, 30 miles; Hawkesbury to Sydney, 100 miles; Hawkesbury to St. Peters, 35 miles; Hawkesbury to North Sydney, 108 miles. Coach daily from Hawkesbury to West Bay, distance 14 miles, where connection is made with steamer through the lakes to North and South Sydney. Stage leaves Hastings semi-weekly for Grand Narrows, Christmas Island, and Little Bras d'Or, connecting with mail for North Sydney. Distances from Hastings to—River Inhabitants, 10 miles; River Dennis, 20 miles; Whycocomagh, 35 miles; Port Hood, 30 miles; Mabou, 40 miles; Margaree, 80 miles; Baddeck, 25 miles; Grand Narrows, 40 miles. The points of interest are, notably, St. Peters, Baddeck, and Whycocomagh, finely situated on the shores of Lake Ainslie, with its newly discovered oil regions. At all of these places the tourist may with advantage prolong his stay a day or two. Lastly, Sydney, the capital of Cape Breton, which is the terminus of the line of steamers. Here a stay of at least a few days will repay the tourist. Several pleasant excursions can be made from here, notably to Louisburg by rail, Louisburg being a place of great historic interest connected with the early French settlers. Excursions can also be made to various mines in the neighbourhood, Sydney itself being a vast mining area.

In so salubrious a summer resort as this island, washed on all sides by the bright waters, and fanned by the cooling breezes of gulf and ocean, the traveller intent on business or in search of pleasure, or the invalid seeking to renew his hold of health, may move forward by easy journeys along the many or several routes and modes of conveyance, varying from

#### AN INDIAN CANOE TO A MAIL STEAMER.

Thus he may visit the localities where the abounding coal crops out; or he may note with satisfaction the crops that the farmer prefers to the cropping of the colliery, with which the shore lands are replete. With such attractions by land and water, it is no marvel that, on the approach of the heated term of midsummer in the cities of the American States and the interior Canadian towns, the suffering invalid makes haste for relief to the cool yet balmy atmosphere of the far-famed island that has, since 1820, been politically and socially united with peninsular Nova Scotia. Nature, indeed, offers rare inducements in her charming scenery of field and forest, mountain and valley; yet these scenic beauties do not, perhaps, equal in romantic interest the site of that spot of historic ground that, in the pride of France, long held sway and bade defiance, by virtue of her forts and battlements, to both New and Old England.

#### A RECENT VISITOR TO THE ISLAND SAYS,

"Whoever has not seen Cape Breton has failed to see the grandest and most picturesque scenery which the province of Nova Scotia can produce. To the genuine lover of Nature, or the artist, it is a truly delightful land. To attempt a description of all the localities worthy of a visit would be quite impossible, we can but name some of the most noteworthy, and indicate the modes of reaching them.

"And first, the Bras d'Or—this truly magnificent sheet of water—this small inland sea, with its shores, would alone justify what we have just said. The two channels which lead to it from the ocean, the great lake itself, and every one of its numerous inlets, have each and every one its own peculiar charms. Stage coaches run daily from Hawkesbury to Port Hood, to Sydney *via* St. Peter's, also, when required, to the head of West Bay; and

from the latter point the Cape Breton, Bras d'Or Steam Navigation Co.'s steamers take their departure every day for Sydney *via* the great Bras d'Or channel. The same steamers make the trip from Sydney to Whycocomagh every morning. Good opportunities are thus afforded of seeing a large portion of these waters and their shores; but the tourist could do this more thoroughly and satisfactorily by engaging a boat for himself, and making the voyage of the Bras d'Or and every one of its numerous inlets.

"Among the places well worth visiting must be mentioned Mabou, which may be reached by stage coach from Port Hood. From here the tourist may proceed by like conveyance to Margaree; and to see the lovely valleys of this river and of its branches—the North-East and South-West Margaree—is itself well worth a special visit to this island. There is at present no public conveyance proceeding northwardly beyond the main Margaree. Consequently the traveller, if disposed to extend his journey in this direction, either towards Cheticamp, on the Gulf—where there is another old Acadian French settlement, and where, by the by, there is one of the largest and finest stone (R.C.) churches in the whole province—or across country to the Wagamatkook valley, in Victoria County, he must procure a private conveyance. This he can accomplish without difficulty at Margaree. He may in like manner proceed by Lake Ainslie and Ainslie Glen to Whycocomagh—a delightful drive; or he can reach the latter point by stage coach either from Mabou, *via* Skye Glen, or from Hawkesbury and Port Hastings. The village of Whycocomagh itself is a lovely spot, nestling beneath precipitous, wooded mountains, and overlooking a broad and deep expanse of placid water, dotted with green islands. We can proceed from here to Baddeck by steamer, as already mentioned; or we can go by stage coach, seeing by the way portions of the broad, fertile valleys of the Wagamatkook, or Middle River, and big Baddeck River. Baddeck, the county-town of Victoria, is finely situated on an islanded inlet of the Bras d'Or, and, with its surroundings, shares largely in the natural attractions of this part of the island. When, winding farther Eastward, we reach the deep bay and magnificent land-locked harbour of St. Anne's, backed by hills so lofty and precipitous as to merit their ordinary designation of "mountains," the scenery assumes somewhat

more of the *grand* in character. This it maintains in an increasing degree from here all the way to Cape North. But, owing to the ruggedness of the ways and the paucity of the means of accommodation, whoever would extend his journey in that direction, far beyond St. Anne's, must expect to find it something of an adventure.

"By crossing the mountain from St. Anne's, or by steamer from Baddeck, we may reach New Campbellton, on the North side of the outlet of the great Bras d'Or, and surrounding a pretty cove. The scenery of the comparatively low ground on which the place is situated is beautifully contrasted with perpendicular cliffs of crimson syenite, by which it is immediately overlooked, and which here stretches—a mountain wall several hundred feet in height—from the great Bras d'Or to Cape Dauphin. Here there is a colliery, and this is the northern extreme of the Cape Breton field, the most extensive in Nova Scotia. It extends from here over forty miles, in a direct line southward, but following the general direction of the coast, and out beneath the sea to an unknown distance. The whole of this coal territory is under lease, or occupation, and a number of collieries are now in full operation. Whoever may purpose visiting these coal regions will naturally make Sydney the centre of his movements. In addition to the various routes by which this town may be reached and which have been already named, it should be said that the fortnightly steamers plying between Halifax and St. John's, Newfoundland, always touch at North Sydney; and that the Halifax and St. Pierre steamer—also fortnightly—touches both at Sydney and North Sydney. From Sydney ample provision exists for the conveyance of passengers to any of the coal mines. Railroads already connect the Sydney mines on the north, and the International mines on the south, with Sydney harbour; and a railroad is constructed from Sydney, through the whole mining region south of that town, to the harbour of Louisburg, thus securing, in the latter place, a winter port for the shipment of coal. Another and a painful interest attaches to Louisburg as the former stronghold of the French in this province. What were the old town and stronghold are now but a mass of ruins, and a picture of desolation. Most tourists who feel an interest in the history of this country would, undoubtedly, like to pay a visit to the place, as its appearance

is yet full of interest. The most satisfactory way to do so will be to take a special conveyance from Sydney.

Except as to Louisburg, the extreme south-eastern portions of Cape Breton and Richmond counties afford but little to tempt the tourist off the main highway from Sydney to the Strait of Canso. Upon this stage, coaches ply daily ; as we have seen. For nearly the whole distance from Sydney to St. Peter's, at the head of the lake, the roads follows closely the shore of the Bras d'Or. A few miles on the Sydney side of St. Peter's it passes near to Chapel Island, a place of worship of the Micmac Indians. Here all the Indians of Cape Breton and the neighbouring mainland are in the habit of resorting annually to hold high festival on St. Anne's Day (26th July) and for a week preceding. Much of festivity mingles with their religious rites in commemorating their Tutelary saint ; and a large number of Whites from the surrounding country are in the habit of " assisting " on these occasions.

" St. Peter's, where the canal known by the same name connects the Bras d'Or with St. Peter's Bay, is a prettily and most advantageously situated village, which is growing rapidly, and has, no doubt, a bright future. A few miles further westward, is the junction of the mail route to Arichat, on Isle Madame, the county-town of Richmond. In the population of this place, as indeed the whole of Isle Madame and much of the neighbouring main, those of French origin largely predominate. Arichat is a prosperous town, its prosperity depending almost solely upon the fisheries and the carrying trade. Consequently there is a pronounced marine air about the place. Lennox Passage, between the Isles Madame and Janvrin, and the mainland of Cape Breton, is a beautiful sheet of water, and a boat excursion upon it, a most enjoyable one. It leads, at its western termination, to the Basin of River Inhabitants, near the shores of which are the Richmond and Caribacou Cove collieries. We are now at the Strait of Canso again, and shall suppose our tour completed.

#### DOWN BY THE SEA.

While the streets of New York are shining with reflected glory and burning with reflected heat, and the good people of Montreal are trying to work with the mercury 94° in the shade, the grateful and health-giving breeze from the ocean imparts to the atmos-

phere of St. John and Halifax an invigorating freshness that is the wonder and delight of all visitors. The invalid, and the tired, worn-out man of business, can here find an air rich in ozone and that rest which the interior knows not, returning to their homes, after a few weeks stay, with health restored, nerves braced up—new creatures both in body and mind. With rapid transit from Boston and New York, the stream of American travel will undoubtedly this season receive a great impetus; indeed, already our hotels are catching the first of the tide that is setting in this way. Soon the early comers will be pushed further inland by fresh arrivals, and so it will go on till all the available resorts receive their due proportion of patrons. Generous as is the American patronage we receive, it should be supplemented by an equally large stream from the upper provinces, and to secure this it only requires more rapid railroad communication and a general knowledge throughout Ontario and Quebec of the advantages offered by the maritime provinces, including Cape Breton Island, as a summer resort. The *Montreal Herald*, of recent date, gives its readers the following timely information:—"No country has finer seaside summer resorts than Canada, but unfortunately they are not so near us as we could wish them to be. The maritime provinces especially afford the finest opportunities for the pursuit of health and pleasure at this season. St. John is the centre from which the summer visitor can go forth in whatever direction he pleases, certain of enjoyment. In its vicinity are to be found some of the prettiest beaches in the world, and we doubt whether anywhere there is a finer region of lakes than that about St. John, most of them abounding in fish. St. Andrews, on the shores of Passamaquoddy Bay, is a beautiful spot, and affords excellent facilities for bathing; it can be reached by rail, for it is one of the termini of the New Brunswick railway. A sail up the River St. John, in one of the fine steamers of the Union line, is one of the events of one's life which are not easily forgotten. In its lower portion the scenery is rugged and picturesque; in its upper, pastoral and garden like. The capital of New Brunswick, Fredericton, which is some ninety miles from the sea, is one of the prettiest places to be found anywhere, embowered in trees, with its fine cathedral, and surrounded by a line of pleasant hills, on one of which stands the Provincial University building. The

scenery of the St. John has been held to rival that of the Hudson, and there can be little doubt but that its natural beauties are greater. The north shore of New Brunswick, as it is termed, abounds in beautiful natural watering places. Of these Campbellton, Dalhousie, and Bathurst, are on the Bay of Chaleur and easily reached by rail. The day will come when the shores of this beautiful bay, on both sides, will be dotted with summer hotels, and when the glory of the present watering places will be wholly eclipsed by the excellence of the new. But of all the maritime provinces perhaps Prince Edward Island best answers the requirements of the summer tourist, with its wealth of fine scenery. Nova Scotia offers the summer visitor his choice between Digby, Annapolis, Yarmouth, and Windsor, to say nothing of Halifax and its shores, east and west; while far away, Cape Breton, in the Bras d'Or lake, has one of the most delightful sheets of water in the world. With such abundance of summer resorts as Canada possesses, it only needs more rapid communication to make a visit to the sea-shore in summer a common incident in the lives of all persons of moderate means."

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## CANADIAN RATES OF POSTAGE.

**Letters**—Drop, or local (and Newspapers and Periodicals for delivery by carriers), 1 cent each; to any part of Dominion or United States, 3 cents per  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz.; to Newfoundland and Great Britain, 5 cents per  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz.

**Post Cards**—Dominion or United States, 1 cent each; to Newfoundland, Great Britain, and Postal Union Countries, 2 cents.

**Newspapers and Periodicals** printed in Canada, not less frequently than once a month, mailed from office of publication, or a News Agency, to subscribers or News Agents in Canada not residing in place of publication, **are free**; also those published in the United Kingdom, and sent by mail to booksellers or News Agents in Canada, may be remailed by them to subscribers **free of postage**.

**Transient Newspapers and Periodicals** can be sent to any part of Canada, Newfoundland, or United States at 1 cent for 4 ozs.

CANADIAN RATES OF POSTAGE—*continued.*

**Books**, patterns, samples, legal and commercial papers, etc., can be sent by mail to all parts of the world, at low rates, and registered. Anything liable to Customs duties can be sent by mail to the United States only.

**Money**, or articles of value, should be registered. A Post-office order is safer than registration for money.

Explosive substances, glass, or liquids cannot be sent by mail.

## LIST OF POST-OFFICES IN CAPE BRETON.

## COUNTY OF RICHMOND, C.B.

|                                     |                 |                               |                          |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| <i>Arichat</i>                      | Framboise       | Lower River Inhabitants       | River Inhabitants Bridge |
| Basin of River Inhabitants          | Grand Anse      | McPherson's Ferry             | <i>River Bourgeoise</i>  |
| Cape George Harbour                 | Grandique Ferry | Petite de Grat                | Rocky Bay                |
| Carriboo Cove                       | Grand River     | Port Richmond                 | Soldier's Cove           |
| Cross Roads of St. George's Channel | Kempt Road      | Port Royal                    | St. Esprit               |
| Discouse                            | L'Ardoise       | Rear of Black River           | St. George's Channel     |
| Fourchie                            | Lennox Ferry    | Rear Lands' Sporting Mountain | <i>St. Felix's</i>       |
|                                     | Lochside        | Red Islands                   | West Arichat             |
|                                     | Lower L'Ardoise |                               | The Point, West Bay      |

## COUNTY OF INVERNESS, C.B.

|                               |                           |                               |                                    |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Alexander                     | Hillsborough              | Margaree (Forks)              | Rear Little Judique                |
| Askilton                      | Judique                   | Middle Section of             | River Dennis                       |
| Banks of Broad Cove           | Kewstoke                  | North-East Margaree           | River Dennis Road                  |
| Blue's Mill                   | Lake Ainslie (West Side)  | Mull River                    | Rivulet                            |
| Boom                          | Lake Ainslie (East Side)  | North-East Branch Margaree    | Sight Point                        |
| Broad Cove Chapel             | Lake Ainslie (South Side) | North side of Whycocomagh Bay | Sky Glen                           |
| Broad Cove Marsh              | Lake Ainslie (South Side) | Orangedale                    | South Side of Basin (River Dennis) |
| Brook Village                 | Lake Law                  | Outlet of Lake Ainslie        | South Side of Whycocomagh Bay      |
| Cape Mabou                    | Little Judique            | Outer Island of Port Hood     | South-West Margaree                |
| Cheticamp                     | Long Point                | Pig Brook                     | South-West Mabou                   |
| Chimney Corner                | Low Point                 | Pleasant Bay                  | Strathlorn                         |
| Cranton Section               | <i>Mabou</i>              | <i>Port Hastings</i>          | Upper Margaree                     |
| Dennistown                    | Mabou Coal Mines          | <i>Port Hawkesbury</i>        | Upper Settlement                   |
| East Margaree                 | Mabou Harbour             | <i>Port Hood</i>              | River Dennis                       |
| East side of Margaree Harbour | Mabou Harbour, North      | Port Hood Island              | <i>West Bay</i>                    |
| Eastern Harbour               | Malagawatch               | Princeville                   | <i>Whycocomagh</i>                 |
| Friar's Head                  | Marble Mountain           | Queensville                   | Whycocomagh Rear                   |
| Glendale                      | <i>Margaree Harbour</i>   |                               |                                    |
| Grand Etang                   |                           |                               |                                    |
| Hay's River                   |                           |                               |                                    |

## COUNTY OF VICTORIA, C.B.

|                         |                                |                       |                                   |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Aspy Bay                | <i>Englishtown</i>             | Meat Cove             | South Gut of St. Ann's            |
| <i>Buddeck</i>          | Forks, Baddeck                 | Middle River          | South Cove                        |
| Baddeck Bay             | Gillies Point                  | New Campbellton       | South side of Boulardarie         |
| Baddeck Bridge          | Grand Narrows                  | Niel's Harbour        | Sugar Loaf                        |
| Bay St. Lawrence        | Hunter's Mountain              | North River Bridge    | Upper Settlement of Baddeck River |
| Big Bank                | Indian Brook                   | North Shore           | Upper Settlement of Middle River  |
| Big Bras d'or           | Ingonish                       | Nyanza                | Upper Washabuck                   |
| Big Harbour             | Kempt Head                     | Plaister Mines        | West Side of Middle River         |
| Big Intervale, Margaree | Little Narrows                 | Point Clear           | White Point                       |
| Birch Ridge             | Lower Settlement, Middle River | Skir Dhu              | Wreck Cove                        |
| Boulardarie             | Middle River                   | St. Ann's             |                                   |
| Bucklaw                 | Lower Washabuck                | St. Patrick's Channel |                                   |
| Cape North              | McAulays                       | South Bay             |                                   |
| Clyburn Brook           | McKinnon's Harbour             |                       |                                   |
|                         | Matheson                       |                       |                                   |

COUNTY OF CAPE BRETON, C.B.

|                    |                   |                  |                      |
|--------------------|-------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| Albert Bridge      | Cochrans Lake     | Irish Cove       | New Boston           |
| Amagudus Pond      | Cow Bay           | Jacksonville     | North Sydney         |
| Bateston           | Cox Heath         | Juniper Mount    | North West Arm       |
| Beaver Cove        | East Bay          | Kennington Grove | Point Aconi          |
| Benacadie          | East Bay, North   | Kilkenny Lake    | Point Edward         |
| Big Lorraine       | side              | Leitches Creek   | Port Caledonia       |
| Big Pond           | Enon              | Lewis Bay        | Rear of Ball's Creek |
| Big Ridge          | Eskasoni          | Lingan           | Reserve Mines        |
| Black Brook        | French Road       | Little Bras d'Or | Salmon River         |
| Boisdale Barachois | Frenchvale        | Little Glace Bay | Shunacadie           |
| Boisdale Chapel    | Gabarouse, M.O.   | Little Lorraine  | South Bar of Sidney  |
| Boulardrie Black   | Gardiner Mines    | Lorway Mines     | River                |
| Lands              | George's River    | Louisburg        | South Head of Cow    |
| Bridgeport         | Gillies Lake      | McAdam's Lake    | Bay                  |
| Caledonia Mines    | Grand Mira, North | McLeods          | South Louisburg      |
| Cariboo Marsh      | Grand Mira, South | Mainadieu        | Sydney               |
| Castile            | Grand Narrows,    | Marian Bridge    | Sydney Forks         |
| Catalone           | South             | Marsh Lake       | Sydney Mines         |
| Catalone Gut       | Grove's Point     | Middle Cope      | Victoria Mines       |
| Christmas Island   | Hillside          | Mira Gut         |                      |

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|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
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| " Montreal... Aug. 13, 5 "          | " Montreal... " 24, 5 "              | " Montreal... Nov. 5, 5 "           |
| " Quebec ..... " 14, 2 "            | " Quebec ..... " 25, 2 "             | " Quebec ..... " 6, 2 "             |
| " Montreal... " 37, 5 "             | " Montreal... Oct. 8, 5 "            | " Montreal... " 19, 5 "             |
| " Quebec ..... " 28, 2 "            | " Quebec ..... " 9, 2 "              | " Quebec ..... " 20, 2 "            |

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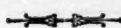
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